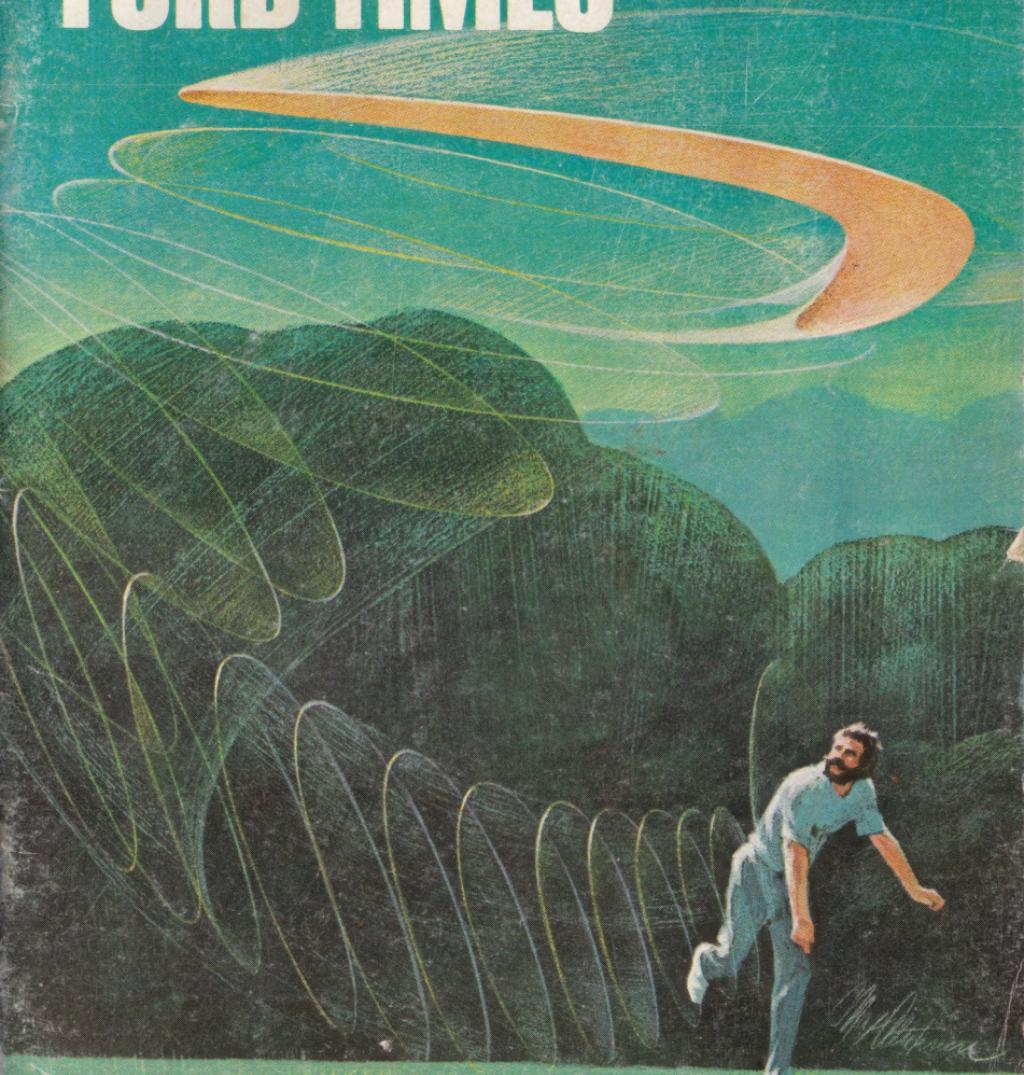


FORD TIMES

MAY 1980



BOOMERANG: THE THINKING MAN'S FRISBEE

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LTD Country Squire

Best gas mileage of any full-size wagon.

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EST.
MPG

24

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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

May 1980, Vol. 73, No. 5

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Cover: Michael E. Maattala, our Associate Editor, went to a boomerang tournament in Washington, D. C., last year and came away so fascinated that he now spends a great deal of his spare time at this growing sport. His story begins on page 42. Illustration by Max Altekruse.



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My Favorite FLORIDA RETREAT

by George X. Sand

illustrations by Miles Batt

WHEN irritations such as the energy crunch, exorbitant food prices and crowding people threaten to sour us, my wife and I have a sure-fire cure. We slip away for a few days to hole up in an unpretentious motel in the sand dunes about 10 miles south of Melbourne, on a strip of island that parallels Florida's mid-Atlantic coast.

There, always in an enchanting



There's a wide beach washed clean by creaming blue combers and bordered by dozing dunes where, spring through fall, few people are seen

way, Lou and I discover the clock happily turned back for us. Our emotional batteries become recharged as we enjoy once more the Florida of 20 and 30 years ago.

When we step onto the sand from our sea-edge efficiency apartment we are able to look for a mile in either direction along the wide beach and rarely see more than two or three bathers or surf anglers, spring through fall.

Walking along that barren beach, we don't find the big sand piles marred by more than a dozen homes in all, a situation almost incredible in present-day Florida.

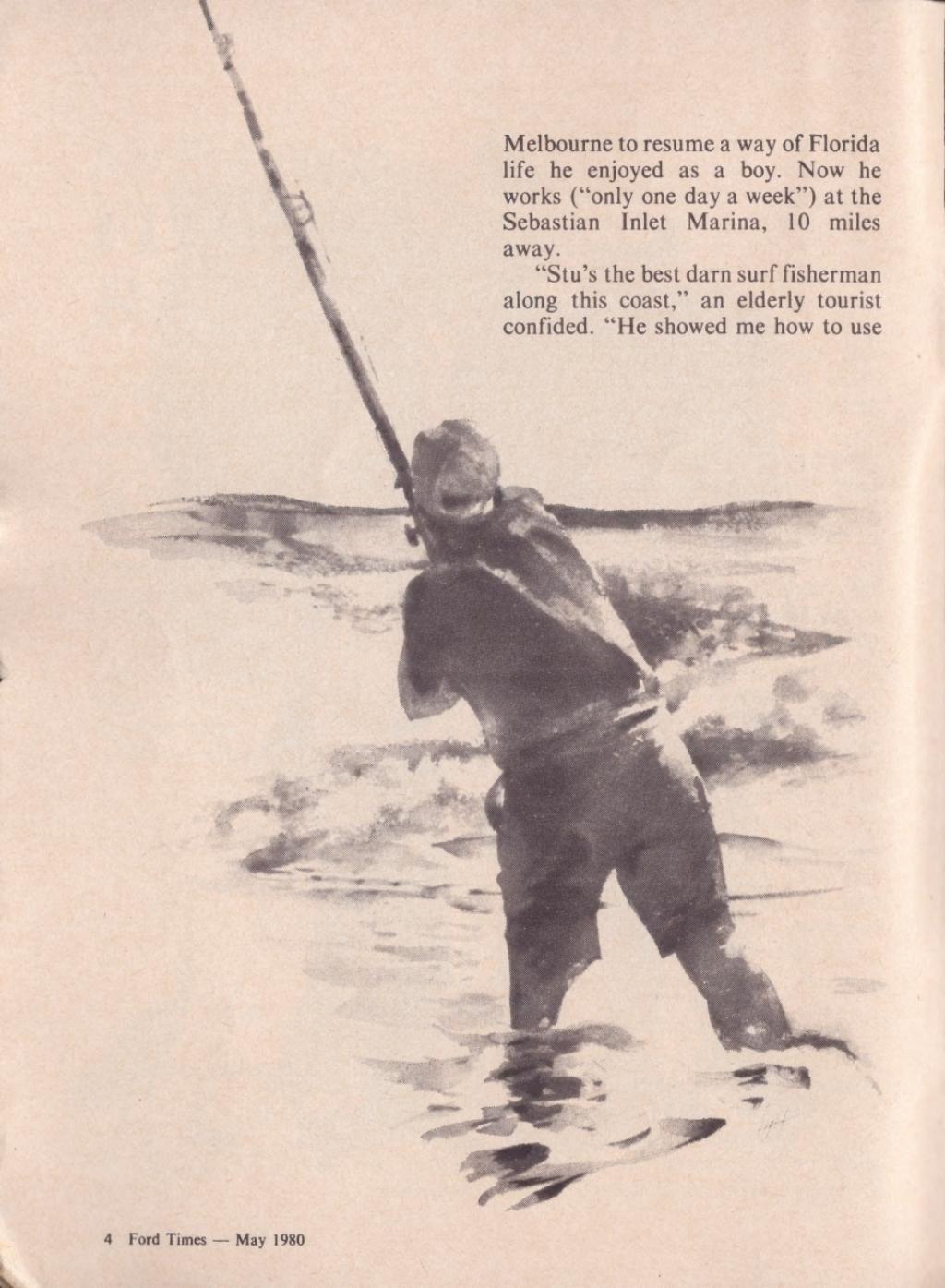
After dark it is customary for working people in the area to picnic and fish on this undeveloped beach where, in summer, big egg-laying loggerhead turtles silently swim ashore to make their nests beyond the high-tide mark, then leave strange flipper tracks as they return to the sea.

A bonfire is usually made and, often while laughing children run through the dark chasing ghost crabs across the sand (hoping to catch one of these agile creatures for fish bait before it ducks into a hole), parents sit and quietly exchange views, mostly in the drawling accents of the Deep South.

Why has this tiny section of Florida coast remained so happily unspoiled? "I sure dunno," says Stu Miller, a husky retiree. "All I know is I sure hopes it stays this way!"

Miller, until recently a top Florida Keys sportsfishing guide, came to





Melbourne to resume a way of Florida life he enjoyed as a boy. Now he works ("only one day a week") at the Sebastian Inlet Marina, 10 miles away.

"Stu's the best darn surf fisherman along this coast," an elderly tourist confided. "He showed me how to use

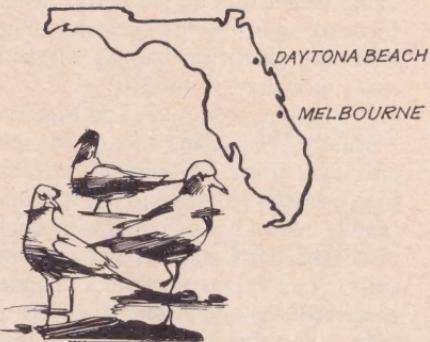
sand fleas to take pompano. He helps everybody around here."

It is this easy-going Melbourne friendliness, this refusal to succumb to the tension prevailing elsewhere, that makes our visits especially rewarding. The tranquil, kindly approach to life is reflected by the small (six-unit) Surfcaster Motel where we always make reservations. The manager, Paul Sloan, and his spry, 81-year-old mother have operated the motel for the past 30 years. The rate for their best accommodation (the efficiency unit closest to the ocean, where we stay) remains the same the year-round: \$24 per day, minimum stay of two days.

The Sloans own sufficient ocean-front land to build a dozen times that many units. But Paul asks with a shrug, "Why should we? We're livin' comfortable. The reg'lars keep comin' back, y'know." There are fancier motels on the island, should you prefer.

The "reg'lars" continue to be charmed by the freshly filled jug in the refrigerator hand-labeled "water"; by the quart bottle of kerosene, replete with foot rag, placed conveniently at the back door, should one step in tar on the beach; by the fish-gutting sink set in the nearby dunes, a spot where hungry crows delight in assembling to cry impatiently as they watch successful tenants finish cleaning and washing their catch before tossing the remnants to the birds.

At the Surfcaster it is but a couple dozen steps to the drop-off of the dunes. There one can enjoy a refresh-



ment at a round stone table that overlooks the endless sea. Sitting thus, you likely will be able to enjoy the antics, too, of Herman the big blue heron.

Herman delights in stealing the freshly caught fish of unwary anglers. Paul Sloan shakes his head unbelievably at mention of Herman. He says he has been watching the wily bird do this for more years than he can remember.

Herman must have eyes efficient as a telescope. The big fellow can be a quarter mile away, seemingly interested only in the distant horizon as he walks along the water's edge with stately step. Catch a fish, however, and Herman becomes all business. Immediately, he flies closer — perhaps within 50 yards — to watch your next move. Should you throw your



catch onto the sand and turn your back, forget it. The old heron rushes forward, snatches up your catch in his long bill, then flies happily off with slow, measured wingbeats!

Fishing is good here, and Lou and I usually bring home enough for several tasty meals. Throughout the summer, whitefish abound in the surf and readily accept hooks baited with small pieces of hard clam (purchased locally). Fall brings pompano, channel bass (redfish) and slashing schools of south-migrating bluefish, action that lasts through December. The long sheltered lagoon (ideal for small boating) that separates the island from the mainland offers speckled trout (weakfish), snapper and other edible species.

Sebastian Inlet has a large, free fishing jetty and a reputation for being the most productive inlet in Florida. Between this inlet and Melbourne there are more than a dozen miles of almost completely undeveloped beach available for fishing and other public use.

NO TRESPASSING signs are a rarity here and motorists park on the highway shoulder to walk to the surf,

usually less than 100 yards away, or drive closer to the beach via impromptu dirt roads worn through the dunes. Palms and Australian pines grow throughout this long stretch where motorists can enjoy relaxed sun bathing, swimming in the surf, shelling, bird and turtle watching, picnicking and exploring miles of interesting flotsam. There are many kinds of graceful shore birds in this area.

Meanwhile, the peace-loving islanders continue to resist change. Melbourne Beach got its first bank last year and there are those who still shake their heads. Pioneer settlers on the narrow island wonder how much longer they can cling to the old, proven ways. The honor system is still relied upon by one of these residents, who provides a small, public boat-launching ramp, unattended, in his citrus grove. A faded sign, lettered on a board at the entrance to the property, instructs visitors to leave a dollar in payment.

Now that I've revealed the existence of our favorite Florida retreat, I suspect there will be those who will resent what I've done. As a matter of fact, I may be sorry myself. □





by Philip Caldwell
Chairman of the Board
Ford Motor Company

Ford's New Escort

"A true world car to be followed by a series of world cars"

THE COUNTRIES of the world depend upon each other as they have never done before, and so does the international world of Ford Motor Company.

Today at Ford we are already drawing upon our worldwide reservoir of design, technical and financial resources to develop and market the cars and trucks designed to meet the needs of the '80s.

The first product of this new era will be introduced this fall. It will be what has been known up to now under its design code name "Erika," but it will be introduced and sold in North America as the Ford Escort.

It will be our first world car — and perhaps I should say it will be the first of our world cars. It has been designed by Germans and Americans and Englishmen and Spaniards, and it will have components from a chain of countries.

There will be a sister car brought out at the same time in Europe which will also be called the Escort, and, eventually, there will be other members of the family.

There are many reasons why we took this approach, but I suspect that the best and truest reason is very simple: We had the resources in place to do so.

We are very strong in the European car and truck markets. But our market strength is less important than the reason for our strength. We were manufacturing cars in Germany long before the German government invented Volkswagen — we were making them also in Britain before Jaguar came into the marketplace. We were there before Volvo and Saab and Lotus and lots of other very famous names.

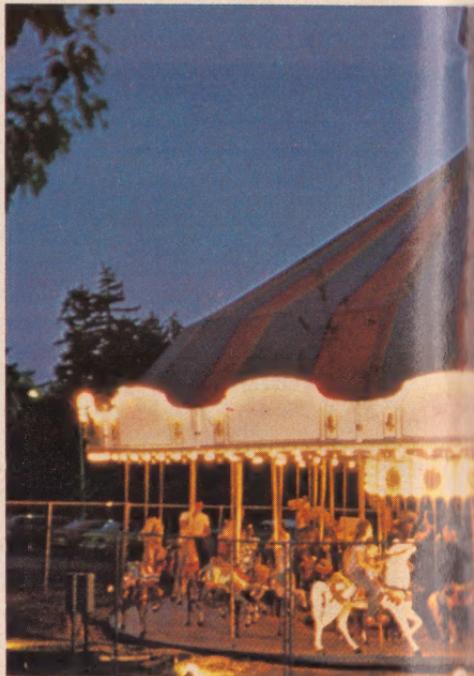
Because of our tremendous overseas experience — because of our technical, research, and developmental resources — we are soon going into production with what no other U.S. manufacturer can achieve — a true world car to be followed by a series of world cars.

We have applied the best brains and talents in this wide world of Ford to enable us to manufacture the very best American small car ever. □



CAROL'S CAROUSEL

Only a few hundred carousels are going around and around today. Here's a look at one of them

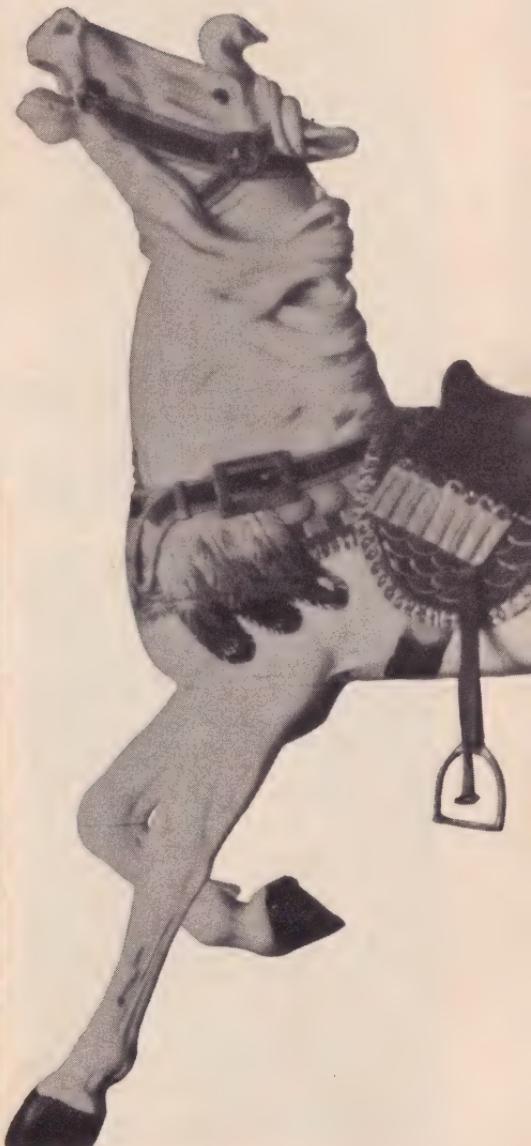


by Joan Trego Pinkerton

photos by Bud Jester and Mark Reed

THE LITTLE would-be cowboy selects his steed with great care: a pawing, prancing horse with flowing mane, flared nostrils and head flung back inviting the rider to join him on a trip through fantasy land.

The animal is a magnificent horse carved in 1885 by Daniel C. Muller for a carousel — that mechanical wonder inhabited by lifelike wooden





animals waiting to whisk riders around and around.

The golden age of the American carousel came to an abrupt end with the Great Depression of the 1930s. Only 323 of what once numbered several thousand carousels remain in use today. And the magic wooden horses are gradually being replaced with ones made of fiberglass.

The Muller horse is one of 50 antique animals featured on Carol's Carousel, which is erected each summer on the grounds of the Western Forestry Center in Portland, Oregon. Thanks to the efforts of Carol and Duane Perron, the public is able to share in the enjoyment of this fading American art form.

In addition to their complete working carousel, the Perrons have the largest private collection of carousel animals in the United States — more than 250. Many of them are displayed each spring in a month-long show at the center.

The Perrons' collection features the work of 10 master carvers, including Charles I. D. Looff, Gustav Dentzel, Charles Carmel, Marcus Illions and Charles Parker.

European carousels were the inspiration for many of these artists, who immigrated to America in the 1800s, but the animals they carved in their adopted land far surpassed any known in the old country. Though horses were always the favorite, any animal — wild or domesticated — that could be considered rideable was a likely subject for a carousel carving. □



The rules for becoming a Lady were
numerous — and unforgettable

by Zibby Oneal

illustrations by Fred Pepera

THE DAY after my daughter left for college I realized with something akin to panic that I'd never mentioned the White Shoe Rule. White shoes and what else? I wondered wildly. Did she know what to do with a finger bowl? Would she recognize a calling card? Probably not. Somehow I had neglected to mention *all* those things during her longish residence under my wing. In that moment the enormity of the generation gap was borne in on me. What I knew by heart, she'd never heard of.

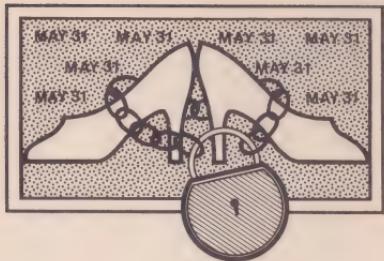
As anyone my age will remember, a Lady never wore white shoes before

Zibby Oneal, a frequent contributor to this magazine, is the author of a new novel, The Language of Goldfish, published in April by The Viking Press.

the 31st of May. It didn't matter about the weather. It might have been 90 degrees for three weeks. Before Memorial Day, a Lady didn't. And I'd never told my daughter.

That wasn't all I hadn't told her, not by half. Thinking about it, I realized the scope of my neglect. There were dozens of other rules so familiar to me that, apparently, they seemed to go without saying. At least that's how they had gone. Roughly they might be grouped into rules governing what a Lady did and what she didn't do. My childhood had been landmined with them.

For instance, there was the Safety Pin Rule, which was one of the basics. That rule, stated often and with the authority usually reserved for the Ten



Commandments, declared that a Lady *never*, whatever the circumstances, secured any part of her underwear with a safety pin. Why? The reason was perfectly clear: She never knew when she might be in an accident.

I spent a lot of time in my childhood imagining scenes in which I was refused admission to an emergency room because of the safety pin holding my undershirt strap. In these scenes, nurses turned aside in disgust and our family's good name never recovered.



The enormity of it came rushing back. And with it, a vision of my poor daughter, innocently pinned together in some obscure spot and none the wiser, thanks to my neglect. At least my *own* childhood worries were unfounded. My underwear was always mended, my mother being a Lady herself.

The operative word here, of course, is Lady. That was what we were brought up to be. That, at any rate, was the aim. And I think we tried to comply. Certainly we took it seriously. We had to.

Training began at a very young age. It started so early, in fact, that it is hard for me to remember a time when the rules were not being impressed. By the time I had reached the age of reason I could have rattled off a list of "Ladies Do" and "Ladies Don't" for the better part of 18 hours.

A Lady never said "Shut up." She always said "Please," used her napkin and ate with one hand in her lap. She did not click her teeth against the edge of her glass in order to make "a cool sound" or say "yuck!" when spinach was served, as some people around here have done in the past. She did not kick her sister under the table, no matter how many times her sister looked at her cross-eyed during dinner. She ate fried chicken with a knife and fork.

Some of the rules I could understand. They made sense. Kicking my sister, I could see, risked an escalation into all-out war before dessert, which, of course, meant no dessert. Unless we



happened to be having stewed fruit, the pleasure of kicking her wasn't worth the price. But there were other rules predicated on reasons so arcane that to this day I don't understand them.

For example, a Lady had a clean handkerchief with her at all times. Period. Not because she had a cold. Not because she might feel like bursting into tears. No. She just had one.

For years I went around with a fresh white handkerchief tucked into my sleeve or, humiliatingly, pinned into my pocket. Paper tissues, those hygienic and eminently sensible sub-

stitutes, were unacceptable. The handkerchief had to be cloth and it had to be freshly ironed. Every Christmas and birthday several tell-tale flat boxes appeared containing, totally predictably, another boring half-dozen or so. And what for? In case one happened upon a passing motorcade and felt like waving? We were never told.

We were told the reasons for some of the rules. The Safety Pin Rule was fully explained, of course, as was the one covering how much a Lady left on her plate at a dinner party. The rule there was one bite. The reason was

complicated. It rested on the assumption that if you left more than one bite you were insulting the food; if you cleaned your plate you were suggesting it had been insufficient.

This rule came in for some dispute during the War. There was a faction that claimed leaving anything at all on your plate was unpatriotic. They were opposed by traditionalists who felt that, War or no War, rules were rules, and that altering them threatened the very foundation of our country. Each household settled the question according to its own lights, but, even within the same household, there was much disagreement.

Long before I needed to know, I was aware that a Lady did not wear black before she was 20. She did not kiss a boy until he had taken her out three times, thereby demonstrating the sincerity of his interest. And, if she found she must turn down a proposal of marriage, she prefaced her refusal with the words, "You have done me a great honor today."

Clearly these latter rules were not intended for immediate use. They were simply mentioned from time to time in a prefatory way. The rules in childhood dealt mainly with such things as using your spoon as a catapult for peas (a Lady didn't) and thanking your hostess for a nice time (a Lady never failed). There were literally hundreds more.

A Lady did not scratch. She did not chew gum on the street or ask personal questions. She did not shove in line or try to get the biggest piece. She

didn't say "sweat." She never stared in buses.

In short, there was scarcely a minute of one's life that wasn't covered by the rules. Being a Lady was all-encompassing. I once told my mother that I'd just as soon give up and not be one. She looked at me so strangely you'd have thought I'd volunteered to catch yellow fever.

When I was about 10 my uncle married. We didn't know the bride. In fact, *no* one in the family had met her. Speculation was intense. Sunday dinners for a month were devoted to the subject, the usual roast beef and lemon sponge being punctuated by conjecture. My sister and I listened. Slowly we gathered that possibly the new bride was not a Lady! (Ladies always finished and mailed their thank-you notes before the ceremony.) Naturally we were enthralled.

At first she seemed disappointingly polite. She shook hands and smiled and looked us in the eye in the approved fashion. It didn't seem promising. By dinnertime we were bored. My sister looked at me cross-eyed. I was about to venture a kick when we noticed simultaneously and with delight that the new bride had both elbows on the table.

We watched. She didn't move them. They stayed there throughout the meal in a comfortable sort of way. After dinner she asked me several personal questions and laughed louder than a Lady is supposed to laugh. Evidently nobody had ever told her to "simmer down."

Personally, I thought she was terrific, but I kept glancing at my mother, trying to read signs. Oddly, Mother seemed to think she was terrific, too.

"But is she a Lady?" I asked Mother later.

"Of course," said Mother. "Why do you ask?"

"She had her elbows on the table."

"Oh well." Mother shrugged, thereby jettisoning 10 years of training in a moment. I was utterly confused.

Gradually my sister and I pieced out that a Lady was more than the sum of her manners. Translated, that meant to us that if you were nice it was somehow okay to put your elbows on the table in spite of the rules. We thought it was worth a try.

So, one night, we sat down to dinner and propped up our elbows. With an inevitability that took our breath

away, Mother immediately said, "Please, Ladies don't sit that way."

I'm afraid that with my children I just said "Elbows off the table" and looked the other way. You can't hope to accomplish anything that way. Bringing up Ladies takes vigilance and, even then, you can barely get all the rules covered before they're grown.

I have to hand it to my mother. To this day when I lean on the table or stare in a bus I know I am breaking a hallowed rule. I have decided that I am old enough to break them — or at least to break some of them some of the time. I may ask an occasional personal question, pick up a chicken leg or wear white shoes out of season — I'm flexible. But I would *never*, absolutely never, wear a safety pin in my slip.

After all, a person could be in an accident. □



The Dog With the

by Joseph Stocker

illustrations by Michael Green

IT HAS been said that he looks like a dog with all the air let out. His jowly, doleful-looking face, wrinkled skin, bloodshot eyes and floppy ears — these surely seem to add up to the saddest sack of dogdom. The late James Thurber, cartoonist and humorist extraordinaire, described him as being "somewhat blobbered and slubby," explaining, "You have to make up words for unique creatures like the bloodhound and the bander-snatch."

I don't know about the bander-snatch, but the bloodhound, for all his grotesqueness, is clearly one of the most useful of animals. What makes him that way is his instinct for tracking. Give him a scent. Tell him to "go get 'em!" And the bloodhound will hit the trail and stay there until he finds his quarry, be it a lost child, a missing camper or an escaped convict.

One is mindful of a legendary bloodhound named Nick Carter. He belonged to a Kentucky lawman, Capt. Volney G. Mullikin. Single-handedly (single-pawed?), Nick Carter tracked down 650 wrongdoers in the rural South who were ultimately convicted in the courts. For more than 25 years he held the record for following the coldest trail — 105 hours old, or about 4½ days — to catch a man who had set fire to a hen house.

Nick Carter's record was finally bested by a pack of dogs owned by a California breeder named Norman W. Wilson. Wilson and his dogs flew north to search for a man, his wife and their 13-year-old son lost in the Oregon forest. Posse had looked every which way for them. The trail was nearly two weeks old, and all that the dogs had was a woman's stocking found in the glove compartment of the family's abandoned car.

For a while Wilson's bloodhounds seemed confused. They ran back and forth, stopping frequently, sniffing the air in a kind of frenzy, whimpering with bewilderment. Then they took off, the possemen puffing along behind them.

Within a mile or so they pulled up triumphantly near a huge tree, at the base of which lay the body of the boy. A few feet away sprawled the bodies of his parents. All had died of exposure.

Along with being one of the most useful of dogs, the bloodhound is one of the most libeled. It may be anthropomorphic foolishness, but one can enjoy speculating that what makes the bloodhound so sad-looking is his wholly undeserved reputation for ferocity.

This dates back to the Civil War, when dogs called bloodhounds were

seeing-eye
nose



used to track runaway slaves. In point of fact they weren't bloodhounds at all but rather crossbreeds — in a word, mongrels — with dollops of mastiff and Great Dane in them, deliberately bred to be vicious.

Even today the very word "bloodhound" evokes fearsome visions of savage manhunters tracking down a helpless human and tearing him to shreds before anybody can stop them. In some places bloodhounds are so feared that they have to be used secretly in searching for children and old ladies.

The truth of the matter is that the bloodhound got his name, not because of his lust for blood, but to denote that he is a "blooded" dog — a purebred. He traces his ancestry back to St. Hubert's Hounds, which were brought to England by the Norman legions of William the Conqueror. Far from being ferocious, he is one of the gentlest of creatures, moving Thurber to observe that he "has been more maligned through the centuries than any great Englishman with the exception of King Richard III."

Dr. Leon Whitney, a Connecticut veterinarian and bloodhound fancier, remarked once that bloodhounds don't even seem to know that teeth were made for biting. Experts say, indeed, that there is not a single verified instance of a bloodhound attacking anybody, even a cornered criminal. Occasionally, after bloodhounds have tracked down a malefactor, a posse will arrive to find one or two of the dogs standing with paws pressed

against the chest of the terrified fugitive. But the hounds aren't getting ready to sink their teeth into his jugular vein. They're just asking to be petted, as a reward for doing what they were supposed to do.

The problem — if problem it be — is that bloodhounds can't tell good people from bad people. They just want to be with people, and to be with them, they have to catch up with them.

On occasion, this affectionate disposition of theirs has proved embarrassing to the minions of the law for whom the dogs work. Like the time when police in Springfield, Massachusetts, were using two bloodhounds to trail a criminal. At the entrance to a park, the handler and his dogs became separated. When he finally caught up with them, he found a man feeding them candy. The officer had some difficulty cajoling the dogs back to their job, by which time the trail had vanished.

Next day the police saw a photo of the wanted man. It was, of course, the stranger who had been feeding candy to the bloodhounds.

There aren't very many bloodhounds in the United States — perhaps 3,000 or so. And they're expensive. Not long ago Roger Caras, who writes books about pets and wildlife, bought a pedigreed male puppy named Yankee (full registered name: The Rectory's Yankee Patriot). The price, Caras said, was "less than a station wagon and more than a trail bike."



Stuart and Dottie Diehl of Phoenix, Arizona, raise and show bloodhounds on a modest scale. They had three champions when I visited them recently — a male named Tipper and two bitches, Babe and Beller. Beller was in an advanced state of pregnancy.

"This little girl you're looking at right here," said Diehl, fondly kneading Beller's long and silky ears, "her puppies'll sell for as much as \$300. Stud service on a champion bloodhound starts at \$200."

Mrs. Diehl, a former board member of the American Bloodhound Club, said they offered pups for sale some time ago, and when a man called to express interest, she told him, "They start at a hundred and a half."

"I only want one," he murmured plaintively, and hung up.

When you see a champion bloodhound, you're looking at a solidly built dog with a powerful set of hind-quarters.

It's the strength of those hindquarters that keeps him pounding along the trail for hours and hours until he finds what he's looking for. "You can tell a bloodhound owner," says Caras, "by the way one arm is much longer than the other."

But the truly marvelous thing about the bloodhound is, of course, his nose. It's big and broad to pick up the most elusive of scents. He has long, hanging lips uniquely suitable for fanning up particles of scent as he sniffs his way along. His drooping ears form a kind of pocket back of his

nose to catch and trap the scent when he's running.

Human scent is a mysterious emanation (Thurber calls it "a kind of effluvium") that hangs in the air like an invisible mist after a person passes. Slowly it sinks to the ground, settling on grass or leaves or bushes. If the air is moist, the scent may linger for days.

Scent moves as the wind blows, and so the bloodhound, going where the scent is, rarely follows the exact path of the person he is tracking. And he has the wondrous gift of knowing, when he comes on a scent, in which direction it is leading him.

Water doesn't throw him off, although fugitives have thought it would. What they didn't know was that scent lingers above water. Two Texas badmen learned this the hard way. Fleeing from a cop-killing rap,



they plunged into the Rio Grande and swam across. It was no help at all. Bloodhounds swam the river, too, and led the posse unerringly to the two men.

Criminals on the lam have tried other tricks to elude bloodhounds, usually with as little success. A bank robber covered himself with manure to smother his scent, but to no avail. A kidnapper scurried into a small town jammed with people attending a fair, thinking to lose himself in the crowds. But a trailing bloodhound took searchers through the milling people and right up to the surprised and guilty man.

A good trail dog can air-scent his quarry as much as a half mile away. George Brooks, a Wisconsin breeder and trainer, once hired two boys to help him work his dogs. Determined to outfox the hounds, the boys splashed into a swamp and for an hour struggled through waist-deep water. Then the bloodhounds were turned loose. As they approached the swamp, they scented the boys' fresh trail on the far side. So all they did was circle the swamp, and within five minutes they'd caught up with two wet, weary and very surprised boys.

However sensitive the bloodhound's nose, it's not a truly educated nose until the dog gets proper training. "He has a natural ability. It's just a matter of guiding it in the right direction," says Ruth Waller of Santa Barbara, California, whose bloodhounds help the local sheriff's office find stray people — usually campers

— in Los Padres National Forest.

Training the bloodhound takes about a year. Some trainers do it with, of all things, boiled liver. Hounds love the stuff, and when they learn to sort out a mishmash of scents and find what they were supposed to find, they receive a juicy chunk of it as a reward.

But the system has been known to get out of kilter. A favorite story among bloodhound fanciers concerns the perspicacious fugitive who, knowing bloodhounds, carried his own jar of liver. The dogs, running free, caught up with the fugitive while the posse was still behind and out of sight. All that the criminal needed to do was give them chunks of liver and walk away, leaving as happy — and useless — a pack of bloodhounds as ever came up the pike.

Still, the triumphs of bloodhounds far outnumber the bloopers. Consider the dog that trailed a killer 10 miles despite the fact that the criminal's feet never touched the ground — he was fleeing by car. (It was an open convertible, and his scent spilled out of the car and lingered along the side of the road.) Consider, too, the case of the dog that sniffed a rapist's cap at the scene of the attack and then picked him out of a police lineup of 17 men.

Such exploits seem almost to partake of black magic. But they are all in the day's work for a bloodhound — the comical-looking dog that starts out with a passion for liver and winds up serving as private nose to the whole human race. □



Beautiful Handmade Boats

With everyone interested in returning to a simpler way of life, rowing is "in," with a wide choice of handsome craft to choose from

by Lew Dietz photos by Leonard P. Johnson

THREE may be a beautiful, small, handmade boat in your future. People are taking to rowing for exercise and diversion as they haven't for many decades, and to go along with this new interest they are discovering that on both our coasts there are a number of skilled builders of small craft.

At the Apprentice Shop in the salty little city of Bath, Maine, an eager crew of young trainees is custom-building small wood boats — sleek little Matinicus Island peapods and Swampscott and Cape Ann dories.

Down the line at Lincolnville Beach, Walt Simmons is fashioning Matinicus double-enders, Newfoundland skiffs and lovely little Lincolnville wherries. Westward at South Bristol, Dick Shew is busy filling orders for that classic of pulling boats, the Whitehall.

And out on the West Coast at Seattle, Dick Wagner's Old Boat-house and a host of other small boat shops are turning out finely crafted

classic wood hulls that are lovely to look at, and which slip through the water with the greatest of ease.

If any further evidence that something is stirring on the small-boat scene is needed, consider the gathering at Maine's Rockport Harbor one recent summer of several score of men and rowing boats for fun and competition. And coincidentally at Port Townsend on Washington's Puget Sound some 50 classic rowing boats participated in the First Annual Wooden Boat Festival in a rousing celebration of America's small-boat heritage.

What is going on may be simply stated: Across the nation we are witnessing the first rustlings of a renaissance of the pulling boat that was so much a part of our maritime history. After a hiatus of almost a full century, Americans are rediscovering the joy of rowing and the pride of owning a finely crafted hull designed in a time before outboard motors were dreamed of.



There is no great mystery to this revival. Rowing and rowing boats are a part of the American heritage. A hundred years ago, rowing was the chief recreational sport along the Eastern Seaboard. Boston's Charles River was a tapestry of punts, skiffs and shells. Saltwater men took "sailor's holidays" on the lake in New York's Central Park.

Possibly the present energy crisis gave impetus to the return to self-pro-

pulsion. More likely, recreational rowing, along with backpacking, cycling and tour skiing, is simply another manifestation of the current hunger to return to a simpler and more rewarding way of life.

Certainly no one can reasonably argue for scrapping the outboard motor or, for that matter, the motor car. Where it is simply a matter of getting from one place to another quickly and efficiently, a motor is the ideal solution.

Clearly, these new converts to oars have something more than transportation in mind. Rowing for them is not a means but an end in itself.

It's doubtful if this resurgence could have come about had it not been for a few archivists and small-boat lovers who devoted their lives to taking the lines off decaying classic craft and preserving this marine heritage. These devotees include the late Howard Chapelle, of the Smith-



sonian Institution, and John Gardner, at present the assistant curator of the small-boat workshops at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut.

Speaking of that past day when rowing boats were lovingly built and proudly owned, John Gardner writes, "Choosing a boat was a serious business, somewhat on the order of choosing a wife." And Chapelle wrote affectionately of his peapod, the classic double-ender that originated in Maine's Penobscot Bay in the 1870s, "It was a typical lobster rowing pod and though heavy she was wonderfully stiff. For open water work I would prefer a pod to any other craft I have ever seen."

These small-boat torchbearings will tell you that there is no such thing as a superior all-purpose pulling boat, just as there is no such thing as an all-purpose hunting dog. These classic craft were workboats and designed each for a special job. The peapod was ideal for tending lobster traps along rocky shores. The Rangeley guide-boat, another classic hull, served admirably on open lakes and for portages across brushy carrying-paths. The wherry was just the ticket for launching stern-first into the surf. And the Whitehall, with its wine-glass stern and lean flowing lines, was the favorite of the runners dispatched by the outfitting establishments that



crowded Boston's waterfront in another century.

In the final analysis, aesthetics is likely to be the deciding consideration for those planning to take to oars. A small boat that is a delight to look at is a reward in itself. Whatever the choice, a prospective buyer is well advised by the knowledgeable to spurn all but a traditional hull. The classic pulling boat developed in the last century was, and still is, the ultimate in rowing boat design. Nor has its adaptation to recreational use diminished its performance in any basic way.

For those raised in our time who associate rowing with work, it should

be stressed that these classic pulling boats have little in common with the clumsy little tubs that a generation of camp kids thought of as "rowboats" and which rowed, as one Maine lobsterman put it, "like a stepladder." Little wonder that there are few alive today who look back on rowing as a pleasure.

To say that a new generation is rediscovering the simple pleasure of owning and rowing a sweet-lined boat is not to suggest that all of a sudden hordes will be making a frontal assault upon the nation's small-boat shops. Custom-built classics are not inexpensive, and it's quite unlikely that they can ever be mass-produced at a low unit cost without sacrificing the qualities that made them special.

The Apprentice Shop will build a handcrafted 15-foot peapod for around \$2,200. One of Walt Simmons' Lincolnville wherries will run about \$110 a foot. So, depending on the design and length, the price range of a classic pulling boat is \$2,000 to \$3,000. Most builders will supply a sail rig for alternate use at extra cost.

Probably no more than a fraction of one per cent of the population will ever own or row a classic pulling boat, but that's still a lot of boats.

More pertinent and fortuitous is the fact that the revival comes at a time when there is still available a cadre of skilled craftsmen with a respect for quality and traditional design to meet this limited demand and carry on this all-but-lost art of wood boat-building. □



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QUAKING ASPEN

A HAPPY TREE

by Jerry Cowle

illustrations by Joan Solmes

IF TREES were being characterized, I guess you would call the quaking aspen a happy tree. Sort of like a tail-wagging puppy. A tree you feel comfortable being around.

Quaking aspen (*Populus tremuloides*) is the most widely distributed tree species in North America. Often called trembling aspen, popple, quiver leaf or golden aspen, it grows from coast to coast in the United States and Canada, and north to Alaska. It is estimated that there are, at any given time, about 2½ billion quaking aspens growing in the United States alone.

Its saw-toothed leaves are a shiny green on their top surfaces, a pale silvery green below. They quake or tremble in the slightest breeze. It's not a very big tree, with a normal height of 20 to 60 feet. Some do grow as tall as 100 feet, though, with a trunk diameter of three feet.

Pierre Jean de Smet, an early Jesuit missionary to the Pacific Northwest, said the *coureurs du bois*





(French-Canadian trappers) had a superstition that this tree furnished the wood of Christ's cross. And that, since then, it has never ceased to quake.

However, there is an aerodynamic reason for the quaking aspen's trembling leaves. They are hinged on stems that are soft, flat and flexible compared with most other tree leaves, which usually have stiff stems. Also, they're flattened at right angles to the plane of the leaf surface. So the stem acts as a pivot, and the foliage goes into a rustling panic at the first hint of a breeze.

Cottonwoods and poplars also rustle, but their sounds aren't quite the same as the quaking aspen's, nor as pleasing. That's because their leaves do not have the correct angle of blade and stalk. Aspen has a light, soft rustle, the others a coarser rustle.

As quaking aspen foliage moves, it's as pleasing to the eye as to the ear. It actually twinkles. Each shiny leaf surface reflects the sunlight like a bright green mirror. In the fall, the leaves turn to clear, shiny gold. In the West, where the air is so clear that you can see for many miles across the open spaces, this aspen gold shines like a beacon.

When camping out, you can be sung to sleep by the quaking aspen's musical leaves, which remind you of the lapping of gentle waves against the shore.

When I was a boy at Scout camp, our pyramidal army tents were pitched on a grassy slope inclining gently down to a clear blue lake.

Scores of quaking aspens surrounded us, and all summer long they lulled us to sleep. One fall weekend, my mother drove us back up to the campsite. The quaking aspens had been transformed magically into a grove of shimmering gold. Their beauty was breathtaking.

But there also can be something downright eerie about the aspens. Especially if you're jittery, as I was during a Scout camp initiation. One requirement was to sit in the woods for 24 hours — sundown to sundown — not sleeping, eating, talking, lying down, or standing up. The only thing I was permitted to do was to sit and think, never moving from my spot. Any deviation from these instructions meant immediate disqualification. And I could be sure that I was being watched constantly.

In such a situation, one's imagination runs riot. I sat in the middle of a grove of quaking aspens, the scene of a forest fire about 20 years before. All around me grew moss, bracken fern, blueberries and quaking aspens — the first four of nature's healers to come to the rescue of the ravaged land.

Sitting there, I could practically taste the big, fat blueberries that I was forbidden to eat. It was easy to imagine that someone was sneaking up behind me. Because every time the wind picked up, the rustling of the aspen leaves sounded much like an alarm. I twisted and turned, my heart beating wildly. Then, finally, I got accustomed to the sound of the leaves. But that wasn't good, either, because it was so soothing I almost fell asleep.



That would have blown the entire initiation for me. Fortunately, I completed it.

Lumbermen usually have a low regard for the quaking aspen. Many regard it as a "weed" tree. A common custom of lumbermen in New York State's Adirondack Mountains used to be "girdling" the aspen. It consisted of peeling the bark completely around the circumference of the tree in a band from six inches to a foot wide. With the bark gone, the tree's supply of water and nutrients from the soil was cut off. So the aspen died,



and made room for more valuable species. The lumbermen were impatient. Mother Nature would have accomplished the same thing in her own good time.

Contrary to the opinion of these lumbermen, the quaking aspen is in reality one of our best forest friends. The Indians and early settlers claimed that tea made from its pale green bark could cure fevers, colds and constipation. Because of its small size and light, soft, weak wood, it's seldom used for lumber. Most of its wood goes into pulp that makes the paper for books and magazines, as well as the material for corrugated and insulating board. It's also used for matches, boxes, crates and high-grade excelsior for packing fresh produce and for padding furniture and appliances in their cases.

The quaking aspen is a mono sexual tree. There are male trees and female trees. The male sports more colorful garb. Its tassel flowers have deep red stamens. The female tree bears cottony tassels with seed pistils. The wind then carries the pollen from the male to the female trees.

These tassel flowers are called catkins. In April, there are so many catkins on the quaking aspen that it's sometimes called the "necklace tree."

The quaking aspen's buds and bark are eaten by rabbits, moose, elk, bears, deer, grouse, beavers, cattle, sheep and goats. Its branches are used by beavers for building dams, and for reserve food, since it grows handy to streams.

The Finns, among the early settlers of northern Michigan, called it "hard times food," and cut the branches to feed their cattle during the Great Depression. A friend of mine who grew up in Michigan's Upper Peninsula remembers that his first dollar was earned peeling aspen logs for the pulp mills.

But it is after a forest fire that the quaking aspen truly proves its value. It's the first tree to move in and cover the wounded land. Its roots quickly send forth new sprouts and its seeds germinate quickly in mineral soil that has been stripped of its humus by a ground fire.

These thousands of aspen seedlings that spring up on burned-over and logged-over land are never deterred by the harsh sunlight that is deadly to many other species at this early stage of growth. Though only a small minority will survive, they form groves that make natural nurseries for other, more valuable trees. They provide needed shade and organic soil. And they grow fast.

The life expectancy of the average quaking aspen is about 50 years. By then, its competitors, the conifers and hardwoods, have started to crowd it out and take over.

So the quaking aspen moves on once more. Although it may be driven from area to area as others crowd it out, it does its job of healing the land. And in doing so, it proves to be as valuable to mankind as many other species of trees. We're very lucky to have it around. □





PINTO-1980

ONE OF THE GREAT AUTOMOTIVE VALUES



by Thomas J. Sterling

NO ONE with a serious interest in owning a small, efficient, good-looking, frisky and economical American car has done his job if he hasn't looked the 1980 Pinto over carefully. It just may be *the* automotive value of 1980, and perhaps this is the quality that accounts for its enormous success among buyers who subscribe to the philosophy that "a penny saved is a penny earned."

The pennies are saved because of the 1980 Pinto's low sticker price, the low cost of its scheduled maintenance and its fuel economy. With its standard power team — a 2.3-liter four-cylinder overhead-cam engine with a four-speed stick — the 1980 Pinto has an EPA-estimated 24 mpg and a highway rating of 38 mpg.*

If fuel economy is uppermost in many people's minds these days, other aspects of economy come a close second. One of them is standard equipment. For 1980, Pinto includes:

- 2.3-liter overhead cam four-cylinder engine
- four-speed manual shift transmission
- rack-and-pinion steering
- manual front-disc brakes

- front stabilizer bar
- full wheel covers
- bumper guards
- high-back bucket seats
- split rear-seat cushion with solid back
- padded color-keyed door panels
- mini-console
- color-keyed 10-ounce carpeting
- luggage compartment rubber mat.

Also standard on all but Ponys are:

- bumper rub strips
- bright window frames
- electric rear-window defroster
- tinted glass
- AM radio with Travelers' Advisory Band (may be deleted for credit)
- vinyl-insert bodyside moldings
- color-keyed instrument panel, steering column and wheel.

Regardless of its concern for offering the buyer a bargain, the 1980 Pinto has not neglected its looks. If it makes penny-pinchers happy, it also appeals to those with an eye for appearance. It comes in several body styles and in enough colors and color combinations to satisfy just about every taste. There are five basic models — a two-door sedan, a three-door Runabout and a station wagon, plus a Pony two-door sedan and station wagon.

Of course, the 1980 Pinto has options for those who want to individualize the car to their own wishes. For instance, there is a performance look in the Pinto Rallye Pack option (it was introduced late in the 1979 model year). This includes distinctive body stripes, a blacked-out green-

*For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. California estimates are lower. Your actual highway mileage probably will be less.



Pinto two-door sedan with Exterior Decor Group, Tu-Tone

house area, white styled steel wheels and bodyside "Rallye" insignia, plus other equipment.

Another option for the two-door sedan and Runabout is a stylish ESS option, which includes charcoal-color grille and headlamp doors, black greenhouse moldings, dual black racing mirrors, and an all-glass third door with black hinges (Runabout only).

A Sports Package includes a sport steering wheel with black spokes and a performance instrument cluster with a tachometer, ammeter and temperature gauge. This group is standard with the ESS, Cruising Package and Rallye Pack.

When considering the Pinto, bear

in mind its station wagon. Nearly 30 per cent of all Pintos sold are in this body style. No wonder — they can hold four adults, plus 31.3 cubic feet of cargo with the rear seat up and two adults and 57.2 cubic feet of cargo with the rear seat down.

The 1980 Pinto is remarkable in a lot of ways. It is a huge success in the small-car field and very likely it will continue to be. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Tu-Tone paint treatment enhances Pinto Runabout



illustrations by
Tom Greene



At Home With a **COUNTRY COOK**

by William Childress

A WHITE meringue of hair swirls above her cherubic face, and twinkling blue eyes belie her 72 years. To me, a lover of country cooking since I was a boy on the farm, she's at her loveliest when her face is flushed by heat and by the pleasure of cooking wild game garnished with wild herbs and greens. Beulah Peterson, of Noel, Missouri, loves to cook, and she's good at it.

Cooking isn't her only interest, of course. An expert on antiques whose word is respected, she is an avid reader and even does much of her own legal work. Beulah has amassed an

education "on the sly" that would be the envy of many college professors.

"The best education comes from livin'," she says in her musical Ozark accent.

In her childhood, however, living was closer to surviving. "We were so poor we couldn't spell the word." She chuckles at the homespun joke. "It cost money to go t'school and learn how t'spell."

Beulah may be one of a vanishing breed in this age of fast foods and oven-ready dinners. She points to the gleaming range in her spic-and-span kitchen. "Nowadays we just flip a

switch or turn a knob," she says. "But when I was a kid in Iowa, we often had nothing to burn but corn cobs. They make a hot fire, but don't last long."

She is saddened by the lack of interest in cooking shown by many young people. "Why, boys and girls are gettin' married today when neither one of 'em can boil water. They live on junk food."

She still does her own preserving or canning, and several times a year prepares "harvest dinners"—true rural banquets from her youth — for family and friends. With wild game being a specialty, she is fortunate in having Earl "Turtle" Ivy, her friend and occasional hired man, who is an expert at bringing home the bacon — or squirrel, rabbit, woodchuck, possum, or raccoon.

"You know how Turtle got his nickname?" Beulah says with a chuckle. "Back in World War II, 'meatless' days were common. Turtle started catchin' Ozark snappin' turtles and shippin' 'em back East by the barrelful. He got to be the best 'turtler' around, and them Eastern restaurants took all he could catch. Not long ago, he brought in two dozen snappers — and one weighed 25 pounds. You think we didn't have a feast? 'Course, cleanin' snappers is a hard, two-man job, but oh, nothin' can beat the flavor of fried snappin' turtle!"

I got the chance to taste some when she and Turtle invited me over. First, a silver platter heaped with crisp

pieces of fried chicken was passed, followed by new creamed peas, hot biscuits, rich gravy made from the drippings, and wild watercress salad. A huckleberry cobbler rested fat and crusty on a shelf.

"Course you can also serve wild onions, and poke salad [a wild spinach-like plant growing on creeksbanks, and poisonous unless prepared properly]. They sell poke in some markets now, but it ain't as good as fresh-picked poke."

I bit into the crisp, succulent chicken, marveling at its flavor.

"You did say we'd be sampling some turtle?" I asked. Turtle Ivy burst out laughing, and Beulah's blue eyes lit up.

"You're sampling it now." She chuckled. I looked at the "wing" I was holding. Sure enough, it was the limb of a turtle. Bent and fried, with the fat cut away, it looked and tasted much like chicken — but better!

Born January 10, 1908, on a farm near Spencer, Nebraska, Beulah was



one of 10 children . . . all born at home without a doctor. "Women havin' babies think they've got it tough today, but back then we made do any way we could. It was root, hog, or die, and none o' this fancy government care that eats up taxes.

"We were always hungry. We ate anything that didn't eat us, and I even used to go shoot jackrabbits which we'd grind up and add to the hogmeat or to beef. Then we'd fry 'em down to

Beulah. "It lasted better that way. Dad made a cagelike thing of screen wire with flat drawers, and wind and sun did the rest. Made a nice perfume, all the things dryin' — but it's a smell that's gone now from the American scene.

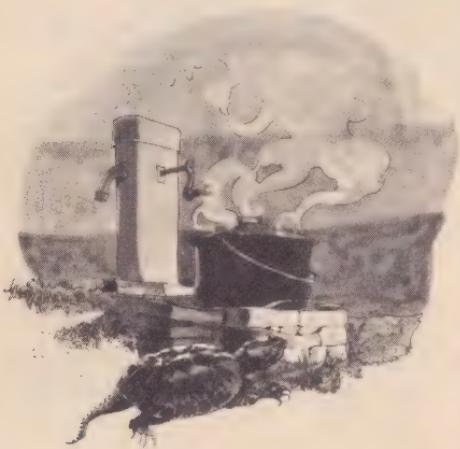
"We used t'pester the neighbors for the 'windfalls' from their orchards, since they'd just rot anyhow, and these were dried for future pies, or else boiled down to apple butter or jellies.

"We used everything and wasted nothing. Mom liked to say, 'Don't leave nothing but the memory,' and that's what we did."

Beulah admits that her hard early life instilled a desire for frugality, even a kind of "storing" against future dearth. "Bein' hungry as a kid does strange things to you," she says. "But I can tell you this — I sure enjoy eatin'!" She laughs and pats her plump girth.

Typical menus back then meant lots of beans, peas, potatoes, and homemade bread. Beulah and her mother baked every other day, 20 loaves at a time, carefully leaving half the "yeast starter" for the next baking-day.

School lunches were plain but filling. Her dad bought peanut butter from the general store barrel. "We had peanut butter on biscuits with a rhubarb-mulberry jam mixture. I used to look at the rich kids with their 'light bread' sandwiches and really feel bad . . . Ivy, pass that cobbler, please."



patty-size and store 'em in a big stone crock with melted lard poured over 'em.

"This was called 'cold packin'' and it lasted up to six months when stored in a cool cellar. We also cold-packed deer meat, and any other game we could kill."

Her mother, a sturdy woman of boundless energy, maintained a huge garden with the help of her kids. "She'd dry what she could," recalls

She ladles huckleberry cobbler onto a dish and hands it to me. Its aroma steams gently out of the mass, and despite a full meal, I am still hungry enough to tackle it.

"Sorghum was another important food item, and you don't see much of it any more in our diets. In winter, it had to flow from a barrel through a wooden spigot — and you talk about molasses in January? We used to freeze to death waitin' on that danged stuff to flow!"

"Tell him how you got your water," Turtle says.

"Cistern," she said. "With a hand pump on the back porch. Rain water went in off the roof, and this was soft water for bathing and laundry. The Saturday night bath was in plain old galvanized wash tubs, and for drinkin' water, we hiked a quarter mile to a windmill in the pasture, and lugged it back two buckets at a time."

In 1925, her education toward eventual wifehood complete, Beulah met a handsome Swede named Carl Peterson. Robust and brown haired, he was curiously fair of skin, a condition that often gave him a peeled onion look in the summer on the construction jobs he contracted.

The blue eyed Carl was 27, and Beulah 17, when they married. She remembers him as a good and gentle man.

"I never could catch up to him in age," she says with a smile, "but next year we'll be the same age. He died nine years ago, but I can see him as if it was yesterday."



Her well-learned skills made the marriage easier. "In those days we had no confusion about our responsibilities. We did our jobs with as little fuss as possible.

"Oh, of course there had to be some unequalness, but it didn't always amount to much. I don't know if this new age we're livin' in is right or wrong, but so far it ain't workin' as good as the old one did."

Does she appreciate anything about the new age?

"Oh, certainly," she laughs. "Every age brings something good with it.



I love these plastic basting-bags, for instance. You can make meat as tender as butter in 'em. We didn't have anything like that when I was young. And tin foil. Oh, that's great stuff. I also think electric blankets are nifty."

She pauses, then adds: "I like a *lot* of modern things, but I think they've made us awful lazy as a nation. What would a man or woman do if they were suddenly forced, through some catastrophe, to survive as we had to 60 years ago? Turn on their TV sets for instructions? They don't work too well if there's no electricity."

Turtle has been eyeing the lone piece of meat left on the platter, and

now spears it with his fork. "Turtle," Beulah chides, "you might leave that one piece for somebody else!"

"Who?" asks Turtle, a grin on his pixieish face.

"Maybe our guest wants it."

"You want it?" he asks me, and I shake my head.

"He don't want it," Turtle says, enjoying the teasing.

"Well, maybe I want it," says Beulah.

"Then reach quicker next time," Turtle says gleefully, and the tidbit disappears in two gulps. It is his homespun way of telling her how good her cooking is. □

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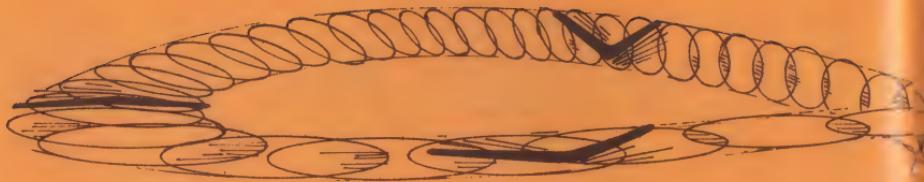
Abraham Lincoln's Son Slept Here — Abraham Lincoln had four sons, only one of whom lived past the age of 18. Robert Todd Lincoln, secretary of war from 1881-1885, minister to Britain from 1889-1893 and eventually president of the Pullman Company, built a large estate in southern Vermont that has only recently been opened to the public. The 412-acre estate is called Hildene and contains many turn-of-the-century artifacts from the early days of electricity, as well as carriages and motor cars of the era. For more information write to David Sheldon, Hildene, Manchester, Vermont 05254.

See the Redwoods — Established in 1968, Redwood National Park in northwestern California contains the world's tallest trees (367 feet) in a creekside grove near the town of Orick. A free map and a guide to the park are available by writing to the Superintendent, Redwood National Park, P.O. Drawer N, Crescent City, California 95531. The pamphlet contains information on roads, shuttle bus service, campsites and hiking trails.

Ship Ahoy! — What looks like a small U.S. Navy base complete with battleship, destroyer, submarine, gunboat and World War II-vintage quonset hut is, in fact, Battleship Cove, a war memorial-museum in Fall River, Massachusetts. The complex is a short distance from Exit 5 off Interstate 195 and is open daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is \$1.75 for children and \$3.50 for adults; special group rates are available. For a free brochure, write to Stop 3-American Trail, P.O. Box 831, Fall River, Massachusetts 02722.

RVs and Energy — The switch last summer by several RV manufacturers to fuel systems that can handle liquid petroleum (LP gas) as well as gasoline is probably the most visible example of innovations and improvements being made in the RV industry in response to the needs of an increasingly energy-conscious society. These achievements are highlighted in a new 12-page booklet, *RV Conservation: By Design*, published by the Recreation Vehicle Industry Association. For a free copy, write to RVIA, P.O. Box 204, Chantilly, Virginia 22021.

Something for Nothing — Many companies and organizations offer consumers "freebees" ranging from pharmaceutical samples to color film. The 1980 edition of *1001 Things You Can Get Free* tells you what free items are available and how to order them. For a copy of the 64-page booklet, send \$1.98 (includes postage and handling) to 1001 Freebees, P.O. Box 85-FT, Livingston, New Jersey 07039.



BOOMERANG THE THINKING MAN'S FRISBEE

by Michael E. Maattala

THE BASEBALL season is upon us again, and I am reminded of one Rocco D. Colavito. Now, Rocky was a big leaguer who had what is known in the trade as a "rifle arm." He could chase a ball down deep in the outfield, spin about, and heave it on a line toward home plate more than 300 feet away. The ball would slam into the catcher's fat mitt, the tag would be made. It was a play that always brought the fans to their feet cheering.

In case you're wondering what all that has to do with boomerangs, consider the following: Last fall a fellow from Pennsylvania by the name of Al Gerhards claimed a world record for

boomerang throwing by tossing one 369 feet. As is required in such distance competition, the boomerang came right back to Gerhards. Which, in a way, makes Rocky's throws seem like child's play.

The boomerang is a remarkable object. Invented by Australian aborigines 14,000 years ago, it is one of the most complex flying devices ever developed. It intrigues aeronautical engineers no end. Yet learning how to throw one is a simple matter, and boomerangers of all ages delight in its antics. I've yet to hear of a person who didn't yelp with glee the first time he made a successful toss.

One person who's made count-



less successful tosses is Ben Ruhe, America's foremost authority on boomerangs. Ruhe learned how to throw them while working as a jackeroo (cowboy) on a cattle-and-sheep station in Australia during the course of a two-year vagabond trip around the world in the late 1950s. Now public affairs officer of the National Archives in Washington, D.C., Ruhe in his spare time gives boomerang lectures and demonstrations around the country, serves as a consultant on boomerangs to the National Air and Space Museum, and compiles boomerang records for the *Guiness Book of World Records*. He is also the author of *Many Happy Returns*, the

first American book on boomerangs.

"Compared with the popularity of sports such as tennis and racquetball," said Ruhe, "interest in boomerang throwing is relatively small. But the potential for sharp increase is there. With the Frisbee perhaps having had its day in the United States, the boomerang waits in the wings as a possible successor."

"At least a dozen American inventors, attempting to apply new technology to the boomerang's age-old principles, are working on constructing an inexpensive, simple, safe boomerang that could create the next sports fad. The research is so serious that one California inventor came all the way

to D.C. to pick my brain."

Just what is it that enables the boomerang to trace a circle in the sky? Simply stated, it does so because its wings generate lift; the spin imparted to the device makes it act like a gyroscope, giving it stability in the air; and the spin and forward motion make it turn because of the phenomenon called gyroscopic precession.

For a more detailed explanation, it would be hard to top *Boomerangs: Aerodynamics and Motion*, the 350-page dissertation written by Felix Hess of the Netherlands a few years ago. It earned him a doctoral degree in mathematics and is the most comprehensive scientific study of the boomerang ever published. Is it any wonder that boomerang fans refer to the object of their affection as "the thinking man's Frisbee"?

However, there's still plenty of room in the sport for just plain fun. Fun as can be found at the "Now You See It, Now You Don't, Now You See It Again" boomerang tournament sponsored each June in Washington, D.C., by the Smithsonian Resident Associate Program. The tournament was originated by Ruhe, who now serves as emcee.

Last year's tournament attracted more than 100 boomerangers from the United States, Scotland, France and Germany. They competed in events such as consecutive catching, maximum time aloft, juggling (alternately throwing two boomerangs, keeping one in the air at all times), and doubling (throwing two boomer-

angs simultaneously and catching both upon their return).

There were demonstrations of long-range throwing and trick catching, plus a William Tell act in which a fellow knocked a large, papier-mâché apple from his own head with a boomerang. One young lady captured everyone's heart by throwing and catching boomerangs that she had constructed in the shapes of letters of the alphabet.

The tone of the tournament is set by Rule No. 4 of the general rules: "Decisions of the referee and judges will be final, unless shouted down by a really overwhelming majority of the crowd present." Prizes are in keeping with this lightheartedness — among the most coveted are the General Douglas MacArthur "I Shall Return" Award and the Youngest Illegal Competitor Award.

The Smithsonian event has been widely copied. Regional throws are now being held in Oregon, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts and Vermont, with others being planned. (The Smithsonian's 1980 tournament will be held June 14. For more information, contact Helen Marvel, Smithsonian Resident Associate Program, Room 1271, 900 Jefferson Drive S.W., Washington, D.C. 20560.)

People new to boomeranging quickly learn of the many misconceptions surrounding their sport. For example, it's commonly thought that the boomerang was designed as a hunting weapon so that if it missed

Airfoil Sections

- a - b
- c - d
- e - f
- g - h
- i - j



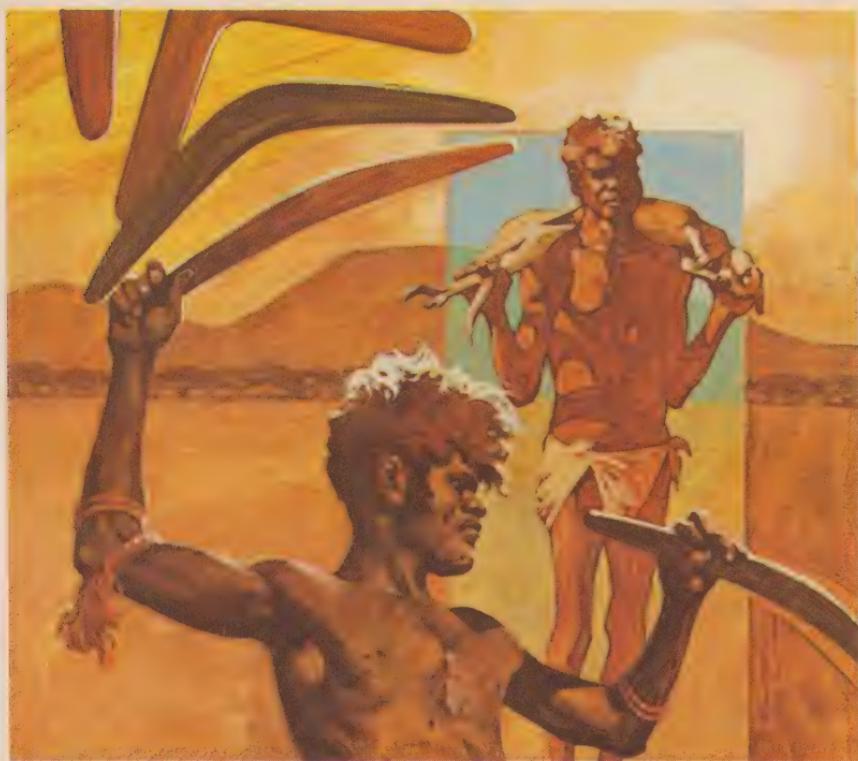
Flight Patterns

the target, it would return and let the hunter try again. "Not so," said Ruhe. "The boomerang always has been primarily a sporting device. It's too small and too light to do much damage to animals, and it tends to fly too high to be used against ground animals such as kangaroos or against humans in warfare.

"However, the aborigines of Australia and primitive people of other countries did utilize a heavier, slightly curved stick called a 'throw stick.' It

flew long, straight and low to the ground. It not only served as an effective weapon for hunting and fighting, but also possessed the essential aerodynamic elements that, refined and slightly modified, almost certainly led to the boomerang."

A second common belief is that boomerangs made by the aborigines were far better than those made today, and that making them has become a lost art. "This is at least partly true," said Ruhe, "in that the large



majority of 'boomerangs' sold in stores today are incapable of coming back at all — though no salesman will ever admit it and practically all come with a set of 'throwing' instructions. However, nearly everyone at the Smithsonian tournament uses wooden boomerangs that he or she has built. With these boomerangs, they can produce flights that leave the best of the old-time ones cold."

Another misconception: Boomerangs should be thrown so they leave the hand spinning in a horizontal plane. Wrong. This is the worst possible way to throw a boomerang, since it will zoom straight up into the sky. Instead, it should be thrown vertically, or nearly so.

If you think a wind is needed for boomerang throwing, think again. It's not necessary or at all desirable for the operation of a true boomerang. A wind of only a few miles an hour makes things difficult for the thrower. Quite often, however, poorly designed boomerangs and faked-up souvenir ones will "return" when blown back by the wind.

And you lefties out there, take heart: There is such a thing as a left-handed boomerang. It's a mirror image of a right-handed boomerang and it flies a clockwise flight pattern.

In his book, Ruhe lists these claims to boomerang fame:

- Most consecutive two-handed catches — 388 by John McMahon of South Padre Island, Texas
- Most consecutive one-handed catches — 36 by Dennis Maxwell

of Dinley, Australia

- Most consecutive catches without moving from throwing point — 11 by Robert Boys of Merriam, Kansas
- Most boomerangs put into the air at the same time when launched one by one — 11 by Herb Smith of Sussex, England

If you're tempted now to try your hand at the sport of boomeranging, heed this final bit of advice from Ruhe: "Once the boomerang leaves the thrower's hand, there is no way of calling it back — and the path it takes may turn out a bit different from what the thrower had in mind. Thus, to avoid heated discussions with the owners of dented cars, broken windows and screaming children, it is advised that throwing should be confined to large, empty, grassy playing fields on days when there is no wind, or at most a very gentle breeze. If there's a strong wind, go fly a kite." □

Editor's note: Boomerang prices start under \$5 and go up to about \$30. Here are some sources:

Ben Ruhe

Box 7324

Ben Franklin Station

Washington, D.C. 20044

Rusty Harding

Box 2884

Vero Beach, Florida 32960

Richard Harrison

311 Park Avenue

Ste FT

Monroe, Louisiana 71201

**MONEY-
SAVING
PACKAGES**

**FOR
F-SERIES
ECONOLINE**



MUSTANG FAIRMONT GRANADA

MONEY-
SAVING
PACKAGES



Explorer F-Series pickup

If you're looking for significant savings on a new car or truck, check out the 1980 Special Value and Explorer packages available now at your Ford dealership.

by Charles Warren

WHEN YOU select one of these packages of optional features, the sticker price is substantially less than if you ordered the items individually.

Special Value packages are available on selected Mustang, Fairmont

and Granada models, and in each case the suggested retail price of the package is discounted by 50 per cent.

Mustang's Special Value package is offered on two- and three-door sedans. It consists of a special Tu-Tone treatment, low-back bucket seats with cloth inserts, turbine wheel covers and wide bodyside moldings (standard on

Explorer Econoline





Special Value Packages are available
on Mustang (above) and Fairmont





Granada's Special Value Package

three-door). On the Mustang two-door sedan, the suggested retail price of the package is discounted by \$172. On the three-door sedan, it's discounted by \$119.

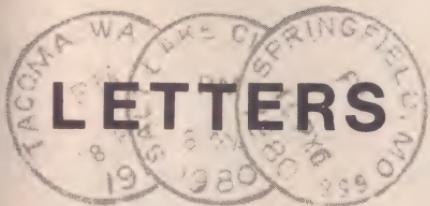
Fairmont's package, offered on two- and four-door sedans, consists of a full vinyl roof or Tu-Tone paint and tape treatment, plus Exterior Accent Group, Interior Accent Group, wide bodyside moldings (with Tu-Tone only), front and rear bumper rub strips, and rear bumper guards. With vinyl roof, the package's suggested retail price is discounted by \$193; with Tu-Tone paint and tape treatment, it's discounted by \$234.

The Special Value package for Granada applies to two- and four-door sedans. It includes a vinyl roof (full or half) or Tu-Tone paint and tape treatment, plus color-keyed

bodyside moldings, wire wheel covers, bumper rub strips and color-keyed dual sport mirrors. The package with vinyl roof is discounted by \$196, and the package with Tu-Tone paint and tape is discounted by \$227.

Explorer packages are available on selected 1980 F-Series pickups and Econolines. There are four pickup packages: a basic custom trim "A" package, supplementary Ranger trim "B" and "C" packages, and a Ranger XLT "D" package. Discounts on the suggested retail prices of these packages range from \$125 to \$500.

Econoline van buyers have two Explorer packages to choose from: a basic "A" package and a supplementary "B" package. The discount on the suggested retail price of package "A" is \$100. On package "B" the discount is \$200. □



Name Game

My husband and I were delighted to learn that you are coming out with an Erika car this year. We thought it only fair to tell you, however, that we beat you to it. Our Erica Carr came off the assembly line in 1975 and is enjoying immense popularity. Her compact body and classic styling have people raving. Erica's mileage is phenomenal. Her checkups have all been excellent, and changes are completely unnecessary now. We hope that you



Hot Car

Enclosed is a photograph of one of our 1979 Ford squad cars. We have added a few touches to make it more attractive to our younger citizens. The response has been great.

Chief Thomas J. Tarpey
River Grove, Illinois

will be as pleased with your Erika as we are with ours.

Mr. and Mrs. Millard E. Carr
Vienna, Virginia

Editor's note: Developed under the code name Erika, Ford's new front-wheel-drive car — the Escort — will be introduced in North America and Europe this fall. (See page 7.)



Robin's Roost

A local Ford dealership, L. F. Donnell, Inc., recently found that it had more than cars and trucks on its lot. About three weeks after this robin's nest was spotted, three baby robins were hatched on the tire of a Ford F-Series pickup.

Janie S. Jenkins
Youngstown, Ohio





Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



WHITE BARN INN

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE

Although this authentic old barn has had a series of face-lifts to achieve modern comforts, it still retains the charm of a country inn with its candle-lit dining room and cozy hotel rooms. A short jog from the swimming beach, it is open daily for breakfast and dinner by reservation from April to January. Innkeeper John Nahil is proud of both the inn's famous Sunday brunch and friendly staff of college students. Take the Kennebunk Exit from the Maine Turnpike (I-95).

French Onion Soup

8 large Spanish onions
3 cups beef bouillon or consomme

1½ cups chicken broth

2 cups water

2 cups dry sherry

¾ cup whiskey

2 tablespoons butter

White pepper, celery salt, garlic powder

Swiss cheese

Grated Gruyère and Parmesan cheese

Place onion peelings, bouillon, chicken broth, water in saucepan. Bring to boiling, reduce heat, simmer until liquid is reduced by ¼. Cut onions in half, thinly slice and place in another saucepan with sherry, whiskey and butter. Cook gently until onions are just tender. Do not overcook. Strain onion skin liquid into onions. Season to taste with pepper, celery salt and garlic powder. Ladle into 8 crocks. Place toasted bread round on each, top with thin slice Swiss cheese and sprinkling of Gruyère and Parmesan cheeses. Place under broiler until cheese is melted and browned. Serves 8.

THE NORTHLANDER

SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

In the new Northlander Center, a complex dedicated to community affairs and local arts, this restaurant features fresh game and fish, seafoods, steaks, Scandinavian specialties and South Dakota's only oyster bar. Sunday brunch has become a family tradition with ice carvings and 50 unique specialty dishes. The restaurant is open year-round for lunch and dinner. Reservations are suggested. It is at 4200 South Minnesota Avenue, two blocks south of Interstate 229.

Holiday Pork Loin

Trim fat from 4- to 5-pound center cut pork loin. With sharpening tool or dowel rod, make an incision in thickest part, extending its entire length.

Place in large pan. Place 1 large, thinly sliced onion, 2 sliced carrots, 2 stalks sliced celery, 8 peppercorns, 1 quart wine vinegar and 1 quart dry red wine in saucepan, bring to boiling, then cool and pour over meat. Marinate in refrigerator 24 hours. Cover 12 ounces pitted prunes with Cognac and marinate overnight. Remove pork from marinade, wipe dry and stuff cavity with marinated prunes. Season with salt, pepper and garlic powder. Place in roasting pan and roast at 450° for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° and continue roasting to 190°, basting about every 15 minutes with marinade. To serve, slice loin between each bone, place on serving plate and top with Sautéed Apples.

Sautéed Apples: Heat 1/4 pound butter until very hot. Add 2 pounds peeled and sliced apples and sauté 5 minutes. Mix 1/2 cup brown sugar and 1 tablespoon cinnamon. Pour over apples and sauté until apples are evenly browned. (Frozen sliced apples or water-packed canned apples may be used.)



illustration by Don McGovern

RAINBOW TROUT RANCH ROCKBRIDGE, MISSOURI

The perfect setting for a relaxing family vacation is this summer resort deep in the heart of the Ozark Mountains. In addition to the historic old mill and the general store that now houses the restaurant, the Lile Amyx family has provided modern motel units. A popular feature is the well-stocked spring-fed stream where you can catch your own trout. The ranch is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner by reservation from March 1 to Thanksgiving. From Mountain Grove, go south 28 miles on State Highway 95 to Highway N, then right two miles.

Trout With Captain's Stuffing

Trout, fresh or frozen (3 1-pound or 6 8-ounce)

KAVANAUGH'S BRAINERD, MINNESOTA

This family-owned summer resort overlooking picturesque Sylvan Lake in the heart of the state's lake country is operated by Mae and Sherm Kavanaugh and their six sons. Fish from local waters and vegetables from their kitchen garden help assure the freshness of their highly rated foods. Nearby recreation includes swimming, fishing, golf and tennis. Open for dinner daily (reservation necessary) from June 15 to October 1. The restaurant is six miles west and 3½ miles north of the junction of State Highways 210 and 371.

Walnut Pie

2 egg whites
¼ cup sugar
1½ cups chopped walnuts

1 cup minced celery
3 tablespoons minced onion
6 tablespoons butter
½ cup water
1 teaspoon dried sage
1 teaspoon dill weed
4 cups day-old bread crumbs
½ pound sliced mushrooms or
¼ cup chopped cucumber
Salt and pepper

Cook celery and onion in butter and water until slightly soft. Stir in sage and dill and pour over bread, mixing lightly. Fold in mushrooms or cucumber and season to taste with salt and pepper. Thaw trout if necessary. Fill fish with stuffing and wrap each in aluminum foil. Bake at 375° for 40 minutes for 1-pound, about 25 minutes for smaller ones.

Ice cream

Caramel Sauce (recipe below)

Beat egg whites until stiff. Slowly add sugar, beating until very stiff. Fold in walnuts. Spread in buttered pie pan evenly over bottom and up sides. Bake in preheated 400° oven 10 minutes. Cool, cut in servings and fill each portion with ice cream. Top with Caramel Sauce. Serves 6 to 8.

Caramel Sauce: Melt ½ cup butter with 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat and slowly stir in ½ cup cream. Return to heat and bring just to boiling. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and serve hot.

Dream Bars

Cream ½ cup butter with ½ cup brown sugar, blend in 1 cup flour and press into ungreased 9- x 13- x 2-inch pan. Bake in 350° oven 10 minutes. Beat 2 eggs, beat in 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup shredded coconut and 1 cup chopped nuts. Pour over baked mixture, continue baking 25 minutes. Cool and cut in bars.

illustration by Tom Greene

Ford Times — May 1980 57





by Carolyn Jabs

illustrations by Harvey Kidder

ACRES OF DIAMONDS IN HERKIMER

DIAMONDS ARE the most celebrated gems in the world. Kings have killed for them, Elizabeth Taylor is wooed with them and Carol Channing sings that they're a girl's best friend. Yet in a rural county of upstate New York, ordinary people pluck diamonds out of the dirt.

Travelers from far and near regularly converge on Herkimer County to hunt for diamonds. They bring shovels and picks, hammers and chisels. And they go away with glittering stones.

Admittedly, Herkimer diamonds wouldn't rate in Tiffany's. They aren't really diamonds — they're quartz, clear as mountain air and hard enough to scratch glass. More important, they are found naturally with 18 facets that catch the light and fracture it into colors. These remarkable crystals have been fascinating rock-hounds for a hundred years.

The fact that the crystals are found in Herkimer is attributed to one

of nature's eccentricities. The story began half a billion years ago when a shallow Cambrian sea covered central New York. Sediment accumulated at the bottom of the sea and was compacted into dolomite, a porous rock, easily eroded. When sea water filtered through the rock, it created small cavities called vugs.

Later in this geological drama, water rich in silica seeped into the vugs. As it evaporated or drained away, crystals were formed by precipitation. The crystals remained cloistered in their vugs until weather and wear stripped away the upper layers of rock to expose the dolomite. As the dolomite itself crumbled, the crystals were set free and lay on the ground like the baubles of a careless king.

For many years the only ones to appreciate the diamonds were a few locals who came out to hunt for them on a Sunday afternoon. In fact, a visitor who pulled into a service station to ask directions to the mine would more than likely get the "another one of them" stare.

Still, as the fame of the diamonds spread, the number of "them" increased. Thousands of people now come every year to prospect in the five privately owned mines between Herkimer and Fonda. Most of them approach the diamond region by driving on Interstate 90 or State Highway 5 through the steep and beautiful valley of the Mohawk. Outside Little Falls, the road runs near the estate of Nicholas Herkimer, who gave the county its name.



The signs for two of the largest mines — Ace of Diamonds and Herkimer Diamond Development Corporation — are so conspicuous that you almost miss the mines. They appear as a scatter of plain-looking buildings with a nearby campground. Out back, there's a heap of rubble — at least that's what it seems at first glance.

On an average summer day, prospectors of all kinds head for the diggings during the cool of the morning. Some simply scuffle through the gravel, eyes fastened to the ground. Others chip away at the walls of dolomite. Still others come equipped with sledge hammers and wedges. All are intent on their work and most are rewarded. Even small children sift seriously through the dirt, their eyes brightening when they find a sparkler.

For my own part, I first visited the diamond mines on a rainy autumn day when the drizzle had driven away all but the most dedicated prospectors. The rain had extinguished autumn's fire and left a blur of color on the hills behind the mine. After paying the small fee, I headed out to the pit where the ground was littered with rocks of all sizes. I was picking my way gingerly through the debris when a flash of light arrested my eye. I stooped down to investigate.

There, surrounded by grit and dust, was a tiny crystal, dazzling as, well, yes, a diamond! It had sharp little points at either end and perfectly flat facets. I stared at it — a diamond, a Herkimer Diamond, waiting all



those centuries for me! For a few moments I turned it over in my hand, mesmerized by its flashing beauty. Then, I, too, was overcome by prospector's fever. I scrutinized the gravel at my feet and within half an hour I had a small cache of crystals, chips and fragments.



Later, I stopped at the rock shop with the boastful sign about being largest in the world. Inside, Michele Spaulding told me that it's often easier to find crystals in the rain because the rain washes them clean. I decided to take her word for it — she's been hunting and collecting diamonds for 22 years. As she started to tell me where to find the best diamonds, two customers came into the shop.

While Michele waited on them, I gawked at the display cases. Suddenly, my treasured collection seemed puny. There were diamonds of all sizes — some embedded in rocks, others in intimate family clusters. The clearest and most perfect diamonds had been fashioned into jewelry — delicate dewdrop earrings and silver cage pendants with a diamond trapped inside. In a few cases, the jeweler had improved upon nature by cutting additional facets into the crystals and intensifying their brilliance.

After a few moments, Michele returned to dazzle me with a cup of newly found diamonds. "Anyone can find them," she said, "even a 2-year-old. But the really serious rockhounds go after the pockets." A pocket, she explained, is a cavern, two or three feet across, which may contain hundreds or even thousands of diamonds.

Determined to come back in search of pockets, I left the mine. But winter intervened, and a snowstorm sealed the mine. So I occupied myself with winter pastimes, and let my diamonds gather dust on the shelf. Then one day it was spring and the sun

shone bright as a polished gem — did I say gem? Suddenly, the fever was back. This time I went prepared with sturdy shoes and heavy jeans, a crack hammer and a chisel.

Hating to repeat myself, I drove farther up the road to the second mine. Like its sisters, the Ace of Diamonds charges a small fee for a day of prospecting and rents out tools to prospectors. The fee is the same regardless of how many diamonds the prospector hauls away. With a layer of diamonds 12,000 feet thick, the owners are not worried about running out.

On that sunny spring day, my only competition is a couple from Florida. As it turns out, they come up every spring to dig for diamonds, then head out on the open road, selling the diamonds to finance the trip or swapping them with other rockhounds. I set to work chipping at what seemed to me a likely spot. An hour later, ready to collapse from sunstroke, I settle in the shade of the friendly Florida umbrella to get some tips about pockets. "You gotta go down to get the nice ones," said the man. Sure enough, he was standing several feet below where I had been working.

Pockets, he explained, are always located in a layer of petrified mud. That makes it easy to predict where they will be. Unfortunately, the pocket layer is buried under eight to 12 feet of rock. Still, most rockhounds think it's worth the effort, since a pocket is like a sultan's storehouse of diamonds. Having located the charac-

teristic dome, the prospector taps carefully around the edges and finally breaks through into a tiny cave filled with dusty gems. Sometimes the crystals are welded together and sometimes they are loose, but a pocket invariably yields a rich collection of crystals — one contained 8,000 diamonds!

Naturally, there is a scale of value for the crystals. The most highly prized are perfect, utterly clear and unblemished. These are rarely more than half an inch long and are usually found in pockets where they have been spared the abuse of wind and weather.

The most common crystals contain small imperfections — an air bubble, a bit of something trapped inside or a rough spot where the crystal joined a rock. Some imperfections — an enclosed droplet of water, for example — actually add to the value of the diamond. Collectors also prize matrix specimens, a fragment of the original dolomite with a crystal imprisoned inside a vug.

Of course, most of the 10,000 people who visit the mines each summer are not collectors. They simply come for the energetic pleasures of prospecting. Aside from the intrinsic beauty of the crystals, there is something invigorating about finding them strewn randomly on the ground. In the moment when you reach down and take your first diamond from the dust, nature seems incredibly generous, bestowing on us fresh air, four seasons, daylight — and diamonds. □

*Our
Editor in Chief
Retires*



ROBERT M. HODESH

FOR THE FIRST TIME in more than 30 years, Robert M. Hodesh is not listed as an editor on our masthead. He has retired from Ford Motor Company.

During that span, he served in virtually every editorial capacity associated with our magazine, including editor in chief since 1974. His labor of love was always in achieving our magazine's purpose — in his own words, "to view America through the windshield, to explain America to itself in simple terms, to edit an American magazine for an American audience, and to hope that the result is read with interest." Ford dealers' support of the magazine — they send it to more than 1.7 million customers and friends every month — stands as mute testimony to his guidance and our success.

Good luck, Robert. We will cherish the legacy you have left us. □

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